

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
May 1928 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





On This Side o' the World

FRANCES HIGGINS

Illustrations by Enid Hoeglund

ON THIS side o' the world
Children are waiting,
Watching, listening,
With minds alert
And bright eyes glistening.

Dick, Dan, Ruth and Billy,
Helen, Jane, Mary—
All have a feeling
Of joy-in-the-heart,
Like glad bells pealing.

Just in a day or two
Wonders have happened
To set them gloating;
Above the green fields
Clouds are floating.

All of a sudden-like
They've heard a sound
That can't be deceiving;
They've seen a sign,
And seeing's believing!

All of a sudden-like
They've seen a flash of blue
Above them winging;
Up in the apple-tree
They've heard it singing.

They know as sure as sure
This is a sign to say
Winter's departing;
In sunny places
Flowers are starting.

Oh, any minute now
They'll all be laughing,
Shouting, dancing,
Happy as little lambs
In meadows prancing.

Don't you see? Can't you guess
Who it is, what it is
That set them yearning?
They heard the bluebird sing
"Spring is returning!"



On this side o' the world
Children are, one and all,
Singing and humming,
Just because, just because
Sweet Spring is coming!



The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the School

Classroom Analysis of Contents

MAY is not a good month to classify things under school subjects. By stretching one point and cramping others, "German Boys on a School Hike," managing to live on ten dollars apiece for four weeks, might present interesting problems in arithmetic. But those letters from Germany won't stay under that heading, nor even under geography—not in May. So perhaps for a day or two, instead of teaching things under arithmetic, geography, and civics, you can revise your curriculum and study Spring and World Good Will. It is surprising how many branches of human knowledge can be classified under those headings.

Spring:

"On This Side o' the World" is not made to be read by a child who is standing still on two legs, with shoulders back. It needs to be read like this: first stanza, everybody on tiptoe, a hand behind an ear, "bright eyes glistening"; second stanza, everybody skipping in a large circle; third stanza, breaking ranks on the run, faces lifted to watch the clouds; fourth stanza, a short-stop, to listen and look; fifth stanza, a mad race to the apple tree where Spring is located; sixth and seventh stanzas, somersaults and handsprings all over the lot; eighth stanza, everybody sitting up laughing and getting his breath while the world comes right side up once more; ninth stanza, lying back flat (if the ground isn't damp, of course) with arms and legs flung out, "one and all singing and humming." If some one asks you what it is all about, explain solemnly that it is the latest form of supervised study!

"Dandelion Wings," a pretty spring legend, makes one think of that irreverent child in *Here, There and Everywhere*, by Dorothy Aldis (#2. Minton, Balch and Co., 205 E. 42d St., New York), who made up a story of "The Dandelion's Hair":

"A dandelion's hair turns white
And blows off on a windy night,
And then each little head that was
So curly looks like grandpapa's."

There are other irreverent things in that truthful book—the fortunate little girl who was never bothered by finding prunes to cook, when she was busy filling acorn cups with berries, and the child who had learned that spinach and carrots were "Nice food," with a capital N:

"but when there's something
CHOCOLATE and good
Nobody ever says
'Eat your nice food.'"

There is an account of a red-letter day when everything went well from brushing-teeth time right through,

"And everybody came and stood
And smiled at me—I was so good."

World Good Will:

There is one feature called "A Story for Good Will

Day," about Uruguay and Paraguay. "The Spirit of Memorial Day Speaks," by fifteen-year-old Virginia Wyckoff, is another good will feature for it tells about forgetting ill will. (In connection with Memorial Day you will want to read, if you have not done so, Benet's story *John Brown's Body*, which is reviewed on the next page.)

"You Help in Latvia's Hard Time" is a serious account of practical good will, which, after all, must be something more than an amiable sentiment in the heart; for more hopeful than any machinery to prevent war has been the persistent spread of humane action throughout the earth. The work of mitigating suffering of the wounded in war, set in motion by Dunant's "divine pity," was a first and obvious step. The quickness with which many nations extend help to any country in a time of great natural disaster is a sign that the sympathy native in all is growing under education.

"German Boys on a School Hike" is another good will feature, since everything that helps comradely understanding advances World Good Will. From travel, from reading, from exchange of messages like those of our worldwide correspondence, acquaintance deepens into friendship. The following quotation may interest you in connection with ever recurrent discussion of "instincts":

"It is natural to man as a social animal to rejoice in the society of his fellows. A child, unless perverted by education or surroundings, is fond of other children and likes to be with them. Their bad qualities are unnoticed, not condoned or approved, but literally unnoticed; or, if noticed, they make little impression. . . . Philanthropy and humanity are the widest expression of this social instinct. . . . During the late war, in all countries, hate of the enemy was taken as equivalent to an expression of patriotism, although the only true expression of patriotism is by praise of one's own country and by labor in its behalf. The infusion of hate implies some corruption of the emotion."—HUGH ELLIOT.

Perhaps for most of us the opportunity to know and admire those of other lands who have chosen our own for home is still more potent. Elias Lieberman's "Sweet Land of Liberty" is the kind of story that serves this end. His narrative says much of the debt for education that he owes to his adopted country. He humbly omits mention of the debt that thousands of Americans owe him, as principal of a great city school, for educational guidance. The editorial in last month's News gives a glimpse of that. Educator and administrator, he is also still a poet. (JAPM, the poetry weekly published at Atlantic City, N. J., printed one of his more recent poems a few weeks ago.) Our country draws rich interest on whatever good will it shows to those of other nations who bring their genius among us.

Developing Calendar Activities

MORE "days!" Mother's Day, World Good Will Day, Memorial Day, and Closing Day. Then vacation.

A Mother's First Book

For Mother's Day, there comes a timely announcement to all those who are helping in the national crusade to wipe out illiteracy by 1930. This is of the publication of the *Mother's First Book*—

"a reader for women who cannot read or write. . . . The lessons are centered around the home and the daily activities. Based on simple, everyday tasks—the care of the baby, cleanliness, proper foods for the family, cooperation with the school—they aim not only at teaching women to read and write, but at leading them to better home practices and higher ideals in their home and community life."—FROM THE INTRODUCTION.

If you know of mothers for whom such help will open new windows into life, perhaps you can give some of your pupils a little training in using the book, so that they can be teachers during the summer vacation. It practically teaches itself; the unpatronizing, comradely friendship of the teacher (and children are often adept at this) will help most.

For World Good Will Day

For World Good Will Day you will find material in this issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS and in a review of the year's Junior Red Cross action among and on your pupils.

For Memorial Day

For Memorial Day you will find many passages to share with pupils in the poem of the Civil War, *John Brown's Body*, by Stephen Vincent Benet (Doubleday Doran Co., Garden City, New York.) Apparently made ready by living sensitively through the World War to interpret the Civil War, Stephen Vincent Benet is no longer writing "with the sly, wide smile of a wicked boy"—to quote an earlier phrase of his own. He writes with a huge pity and a passionate insight, as ancient as Jehovah's pity for King David, both of whom Benet once treated only modernly. The result of his in-seeing pity is that the really important part of any war, the part that never does get untangled in official annals, comes clear. The snarl of emotions that looks at the time like the wrong side of weaving, with knots untrimmed, is reversed to show promise of an ultimate pattern. The motif of the story is found in such lines as:

"Sometimes there comes a crack in Time itself.
Sometimes the earth is torn by something blind.
Sometimes an image that has stood so long
It seems implanted as the polar star
Is moved against an unfathomed force
That suddenly will not have it any more.
Call it the mores, call it God or Fate,
Call it Mansoul or economic law,
That force exists and moves."

That is the force moving through the poem—

"There is no sudden casting off of a chain,
Only a slow thought working its way through the ground";
working up from the time that the New England captain of a slave boat prayed and read his Bible while his human cargo lay chained in the hold below, being

shipped for sale in a land consecrated to freedom; working through good men's bewildered incomprehension of what it was all about or why it must be; working against the opposing wills of those who did not want to be freed; working through the muddling selfishness of politicians, northern and southern. "If the idea is good," says one of the prose passages, "it will survive defeat, it may even survive the victory." *John Brown's Body*, foreshortening our own period in the mirror of the Civil War, encourages patience in waiting for time's reversal of the tapestry, to show the pattern that has been weaving in our generation.

To a surprising degree, the book comprehends our whole nation. That emotion called love-of-country, which is something more than can be taught or destroyed by textbooks, is finely articulate, although one comes on the apologetic lines—

"And should that task seem fruitless in the eyes
Of those a different magic sets apart
To see through the ice-crystal of the wise
No nation but the nation that is Art,

"Their words are just. But when the birchbark-call
Is shaken with the sound that hunters make
The moose comes plunging through the forest wall
Although the rifle waits beside the lake."

The emotion strikes our own to life in these stanzas:

"And yet, at moments when the mind was hot
With something fierier than joy or grief,
When each known spot was an eternal spot
And every leaf was an immortal leaf.

"I think that I have seen you, not as one,
But, glad in diverse semblances and powers,
Always the same, as light falls from the sun,
Yet always different as the differing hours."

And surprising the author, perhaps, as he surprised his readers, the rifle of adverse criticism has not spoken. Whatever prepared him to write, nothing less than the World War could have made the many kinds of us ready to read. The miracle is one of a composite mind and spirit, as though America's own Voice spoke to itself. And though atrocities have sometimes been committed in the name of teaching both literature and patriotism, this story poem should be an admirable instrument for both. Perhaps it will even teach a larger patriotism to the human race, and become more than a memorial to the past, a faith for the future.

A Vacation in Sicily and Italy

Two books that recently found their own way into the office look like such entertaining vacation reading for young children that a brief notice now seems better than a longer description next year. *Concetta, the Coral Girl*, by Virginia Olecott (\$1.75, Frederick Stokes Co., New York), and *Italian Peepshow*, by Eleanor Farjeon (\$2.50, Frederick Stokes Co.), are both appealing stories with delectable covers and gay illustrations. The former, a narrative of Sicily, is written in a style that gives it a real "tug"; the latter includes, besides the central narrative, Italian fairy stories. Children's literature about other parts of the world has grown far beyond the patronizing tone it once had, for instance in the superior pity for foreign children by the child of Stevenson's poem. The spirit of stories and poems now is that of Ethel Blair Jordan's boy—

"Now I wonder which is foreign,
That other boy or me."

The Junior Red Cross in Summer Schools

THIS summer intensive courses in the work of the Junior Red Cross will be given in four of the large universities. These are:

Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, July 29 to August 17. *Instructor*, Mr. A. L. Schafer, *Associate National Director of Junior Red Cross*.

George Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee, July 1 to 18. *Instructor*, Mr. Schafer.

University of Wisconsin, Madison, July 15 to August 3. *Instructor*, Mr. T. B. Shank, *Assistant National Director of Junior Red Cross, Midwestern Area*.

University of California, Berkeley, July 2 to August 11. *Instructor*, Miss Mary Concannon, *Director of Junior Red Cross, San Francisco*.

These courses will cover:

The relation of and agreement between Junior Red Cross and Public School aims and objectives; the historic background of the American Red Cross—reasons for its birth, its war work, its development and evolution in peace-time. The program of the Junior Red Cross; training for health—training for citizenship in its local, national and international aspects. Consideration of the Junior Red Cross correspondence and gift exchange program, with emphasis upon its values in supplying motive for school work, fresh subject matter material in the social studies, and in building up understanding, appreciation, friendship and good will. The problems of a school system in teaching and administering the Junior Red Cross program. Reading, laboratory material, lectures and discussion.

Besides these special credit courses, a two or three days' presentation of Junior Red Cross will be made in the institutions listed below. Teachers who are planning to attend summer schools and who are interested in learning more about how to get the greatest educational benefit from Junior Red Cross work, may wish to select one of the four institutions named above where they can have an intensive training which will at the same time count towards their degrees, or may wish to choose one of these other institutions, where they can get new points and ideas from the briefer visit of an instructor in Junior Red Cross work.

In the Eastern Area

ALABAMA: State Normals, at Florence, Jacksonville, Montgomery, Troy; Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee.

CONNECTICUT: New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics and Arnold College, New Haven.

FLORIDA: University of Florida, Gainesville.

GEORGIA: State Normal, Athens.

INDIANA: Indiana University, Bloomington; State Normals at Muncie and Terre Haute.

KENTUCKY: Berea College, Berea; Western Kentucky State Teachers College, Bowling Green; University of Kentucky, Lexington; State Normal, Morehead; Eastern Kentucky State Normal School and Teachers College, Richmond.

LOUISIANA: Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge; Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette; State Normal College, Natchitoches.

MAINE: State Normal Schools at Castine, Farmington, Machair, Gorham, Presque Isle.

MARYLAND: State Normal Schools at Bowie and Frostburg; University of Maryland, College Park.

MASSACHUSETTS: State Normal Schools at Fitchburg, Hyannis and North Adams.

MISSISSIPPI: Alcorn College, Alcorn; State Teachers College, Hattiesburg.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: University of New Hampshire, Durham; State Normal School, Keene.

NEW JERSEY: State Normal School, Glassboro; Rutgers University, New Brunswick.

NEW YORK: State College for Teachers, Albany; State Normal Schools at Buffalo, New Paltz, Oneonta, Oswego and Geneseo.

NORTH CAROLINA: State Normal Schools at Cullowhee and Fayetteville; North Carolina College for Women, Greensboro; East Carolina Teachers College, Greenville.

OHIO: State Normal College, Kent.

PENNSYLVANIA: State Teachers Colleges at Bloomsburg, Edinboro, Indiana; State Normal Schools at California, Clarion, Mansfield; Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown; State Normal Schools at Millersville, Slippery Rock; Cumberland Valley State Normal School, Shippensburg; Pennsylvania State College, State College.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Furman University, Greenville; Newberry College, Newberry.

TENNESSEE: State Teachers Colleges at Johnson City and Murfreesboro; University of Tennessee, Knoxville; Le Moyne Junior College, Memphis.

VIRGINIA: State Teachers Colleges at East Radford, Farmville, Fredericksburg, Harrisonburg; Virginia Normal and Industrial School, Petersburg; University of Virginia, University.

WEST VIRGINIA: State Normal School, Glenville; Shepherd College State Normal, Shepherdstown.

VERMONT: University of Vermont, Burlington.

In the Midwestern Area

ARKANSAS: State Teachers College, Conway.

COLORADO: University of Denver, Denver; University of Colorado, Boulder; State Teachers College, Greeley; Western State College of Colorado, Gunnison; Adams State Normal School, Alamosa.

ILLINOIS: State Teachers Colleges at Macomb, Carbondale, Normal, Charleston, DeKalb.

IOWA: State Teachers Colleges at Cedar Falls, Corning, Muscatine and Sheldon.

KANSAS: State Teachers Colleges at Pittsburg, Hays and Emporia; Kansas Agricultural College, Manhattan; Bethany College, Lindsborg.

MICHIGAN: Northern State Teachers College, Marquette; Ferris Institute, Big Rapids; Detroit Teachers College, Detroit; University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Central Michigan Normal School, Mount Pleasant; Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti.

MINNESOTA: State Teachers Colleges at Duluth, St. Cloud, Mankato, Moorhead, Winona and Bemidji.

MISSOURI: State Teachers Colleges at Springfield, Kirksville, Kansas City, Cape Girardeau and Warrensburg; Lincoln University, Jefferson City; University of Missouri, Columbia.

MONTANA: State Normal College, Dillon; University of Montana, Missoula; Eastern Montana Normal School, Billings.

NEBRASKA: State Teachers Colleges at Peru, Kearney, Chadron; University of Nebraska, Lincoln.

NEW MEXICO: New Mexico Normal University, Las Vegas; New Mexico State Teachers College, Silver City; University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.

NORTH DAKOTA: State Normal and Industrial School, Ellendale; University of North Dakota, Grand Forks; State Teachers Colleges at Mayville, Valley City, Dickinson and Minot.

OKLAHOMA: State Teachers Colleges at Alva, Durant and Ada; University of Oklahoma, Norman.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Normal Schools at Spearfish, Aberdeen, Madison and Springfield.

TEXAS: Sul Ross State Teachers College, Alpine; Prairie View Normal and Industrial College, Prairie View; College of Industrial Arts, Denton; West Texas State Teachers College, Canyon; Baylor University, Waco; Southwest Texas State Teacher College, San Marcos; Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College, Nacogdoches; North Texas State Teachers College, Denton; Sam Houston State Teachers

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Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

South and East

THE account of a county rally in Winchester, Va., in this issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, is an inspiring story. The beautifully prepared articles for service purposes, the accurately and artistically made flags, the simple but effective pageant, the reports given with poise and showing consistent practice of social ideals—these were not products of complex, highly advantaged city systems but in many cases of one and two room schools, remote from larger centers and from one another. The ability of the children themselves, the leadership of the Red Cross executive secretary (Martha Stowers) and the creative guidance of the teachers are all factors in making Winchester and Frederick County a “gleam” for others to follow.

The most encouraging development in Junior Red Cross work, during the past three years, has been the rapid progress made by members in governing and guiding their own work, particularly through their councils and through their civic surveys. The most encouraging progress during the past year and a half has been in the district and county organization of rural schools and in their success in bringing their lively ideas together and combining for efforts broader than any single small school could carry on. The training that children, many of whose parents grew up in isolation, are getting in cooperation is itself of broad value. Because the cooperation is so frequently in behalf of others who are entirely outside the circle of the district or county, the value is enlarged.

From the Middle West

An example to westward, paralleling Winchester, is found in Clay County, Nebraska. In March, schools from all the districts met at Clay Center, each contributing to a program worked out in advance by a committee of teachers. There were talks, to keep clear the meaning of the activities, on the origin of the Junior Red Cross, the meaning of the motto, and of the three “watchwords.” There were demonstrations of a model business meeting and a parliamentary drill; reports on activities including international correspondence, Christmas boxes, disaster relief gifts; examples of ways in which each section of the CALENDAR had been used in different months; demonstrations of First Aid; reviews of selected features from the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS; and exhibits of interesting things made. The rally lasted all day, and included singing and instrumental music, with other entertainment features.

Far West

Farther west, Oakland, Oregon, furnishes an example of interesting leadership on the part of the Junior members themselves in drawing the schools of the county together in friendship activities. Last fall, the seventh and eighth grades of the Oakland School sent the following letter, in mimeographed form, to other schools:

BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE SILVER CREEK SCHOOL:

We are members of the Junior Red Cross. We would like you to be, also. We have been asked to take charge of the Junior Red Cross work of this county and we are sure that you will like to do this with us.

This year the Junior Red Cross has been asked to fill Christmas boxes for the boys and girls of Guam, Hawaii, Japan, and the Philippine Islands. Six thousand will be needed. The boxes are 9x3x4 inches. We have promised that the county would try to fill 25 boxes. Do you think that will be too many? We don't. If every school fills a few, we will have 25 very soon. We are asking that every seventh and eighth grade room fill 4 boxes and every rural school that joins fill 2 boxes.

What would the boys and girls of these far-away places like to have? Put yourselves into their places. What would you like to have if you were they? Toilet articles, school supplies, wearing apparel (collars, ribbons, ties, aprons, caps), tops, puzzles (not too hard), marbles (in sacks), and similar things. The boxes should be filled as soon as possible, because the first ones are sent October 15 and the last ones November 25.

Please do not send any soiled or worn-out clothing, as it will be taken out and destroyed. Also, do not send food or candy. Food will not keep.

Don't you think you will have fun filling these boxes, and don't you think that the boys and girls will have fun opening them?

Let us know if you are going to do this work. Let us know if you are not. We hope that you do. If there are any questions you wish to ask or anything we can do to help you, let us know.

Sincerely,

7TH AND 8TH GRADES OF OAKLAND SCHOOL.

If you will study the letter you will discover many points in good citizenship, in courtesy, in leadership and getting results, and in letter writing that the writers probably learned.

International Correspondence

There are other interesting examples of cooperative effort—the schools of Upper Marlboro, Maryland, combined their best work in a county album for international correspondence, each school taking one or two topics assigned by the county superintendent and working up the letters and illustrations. These were mounted on backing pages of uniform size and mailed flat, to be tied together in the album. The correspondence received in reply will be routed to all schools.

Junior Red Cross in Summer Schools

(Continued from page 3)

College, Huntsville; College of Mines, El Paso; Baylor College, Belton.

WISCONSIN: State Teachers Colleges at Oshkosh, Stevens Point, Milwaukee, Whitewater, River Falls, Platteville, Eau Claire, Superior and La Crosse.

WYOMING: University of Wyoming, Laramie.

In the Pacific Branch Area

ARIZONA: Northern Arizona Normal School, Flagstaff.

CALIFORNIA: University of California; Teachers Colleges at San Francisco, Santa Barbara and San Diego; Swope Institutes, Long Beach and Santa Cruz.

IDAHO: Lewiston Normal School, Lewiston.

OREGON: University of Oregon Extension in Portland; Normal Schools at Monmouth, Oswego and Ashland.

WASHINGTON: State Normal Schools at Cheney and Ellensburg; Gonzaga University; University of Washington.

Sweet Land of Liberty

The Story of a Little Immigrant
Boy in the Early Nineties

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

WHEN YOUR editor asked me for an article about my earliest memories of America, it made me realize with a jolt that thirty-seven years have rolled by since the memorable day of my arrival. It was a little boy not quite eight who thrilled at the first sight of the Statue of Liberty; it is a man in the forties who is now acting as the little boy's secretary and reporting what happened.

My life story begins with my birth in the brilliant and fashionable capital of all the Russias, when the power of the czars was at its height. Vivid flashes of Nevski Prospekt, the wide boulevard on which was the palace of Alexander III, still come back to me. At the height of the winter season this avenue was a gala sound-motion picture of jingling bells, darting sleighs, shouting cabmen, dazzling shops and hurrying pedestrians snugly encased in furs.

My parents were fortunately well-to-do; our home was a meeting place for genial and distinguished people. On the surface life was beautiful. Only through occasional whispered comments did I begin to realize that all was not well. It then became apparent that every official, every man in uniform, might become an oppressor. Never was



"It was a little immigrant boy not quite eight who thrilled at the first sight of the Statue of Liberty"

a decree of the government criticized openly as it is in this country. In our household, for example, we never spoke of the Czar by name. We felt that even walls had ears. And so the absolute monarch, whose slightest nod could mean life or death to millions of his subjects, was referred to in a veiled way as the *samovar*.

Young as I was I began to understand that to live in St. Petersburg at all my father was forced to spend large sums of money to buy the favor of corrupt officials. A Russian official recognized only one convincing argument, gold on his itching palm. The glittering structure of gaiety and fashion, I learned all too soon, rested on a rotten foundation of bribery.

My parents decided to seek our fortunes across the Atlantic when they found out that a strict law was going to be enforced in order to prevent little boys of the Jewish faith from getting a good education. In our home the scholar had always been respected. In the eyes of my parents, to be ignorant was to be worse than dead. On the other side, in the New World, we heard, lay the "sweet land of liberty." There no harsh restrictions choked progress. Every man, no matter what his religion, had an equal chance. And, too, rumors came with the breezes from the western hemisphere that the streets of New York were paved with gold. This merely meant that in America there was no poverty. Any persons willing to work might expect comfort and even wealth.

At last the day came when in the great railroad station of St. Petersburg we said our final good-byes to our relatives and received their blessings. My mother wept hysterically when she parted



St. Petersburg in winter. "As a child the glamor of living in the capital of all the Russias appealed to me"



Orchard Street, N. Y. It was to this crowded, confused, noisy district that the Liebermans came from their comfortable St. Petersburg home

from her mother and father. She knew that she would never see them again. If we could only imagine what goes on in people's minds and hearts, how generously and how considerately we should wish to treat them! Then the immigrant would seem not just one of a herd of "foreigners" but a human being seeking a helping hand.

Had we known what was to happen to us in the first few pioneer years in the new land, our gloom might have been deeper. My father thought that we should travel as economically as possible so as to save our money for the fresh start in unfamiliar surroundings. Both he and my mother fully understood the difficulty of learning a new language and of getting used to new ways. But, while the reasons for traveling by steerage were sound enough, the trip was a harrowing experience for all of us, accustomed as we had been to roominess, cleanliness and a great deal of comfort.

At last, on a beautiful sunny morning, we steamed into New York harbor. The sight of Bartholdi's masterpiece, the lady with the eternal torch of liberty, made us quiver with joy. We thanked God, even as the New England Pilgrims did, that our troubles were over. In reality they had hardly begun.

Plans to have my uncle meet us had somehow miscarried. He had emigrated from Russia a year before, and we looked upon him as our nat-

ural guide from Ellis Island to the enchanted new land. Not finding him, however, in the confusion of leaving the steamer, we accepted the services of a glib stranger who offered to provide transportation to a good hotel.

To our horror he bade us pile in after our baggage on a rickety open truck. We were shocked at this barbarian procedure, but, not knowing the language of the country, we felt more or less helpless and did as we were told. My poor mother, weakened by the ocean trip and unaccustomed hardships, found the trip over rough cobblestones particularly painful. But this was not all. As we clattered through the narrow streets we were followed by insults, which happily we did not understand, and a hail of stones which might have done us serious injury if they had been better aimed.

We were driven to a little basement restaurant on the lower East Side of New York. Our host informed my indignant parents that the trip we had endured was quite usual; after all, we were only "greenhorns" and had a lot to learn. He was right. We had no way of knowing, for instance, that he himself was one of a band of schemers whose business it was to prey upon helpless immigrants.

Meantime, my uncle made frantic efforts to find us. After more than a week of fruitless searching he inquired for us by name at the place where we were staying. My mother overheard our host denying that we or any family like us had ever been there. There was a scene that threatened to end up in a fight before we were able to get away.

We left this bandit's lair minus many valuables which had been ruthlessly stolen, precious relics of comfortable days worth hundreds of dollars. At the moment we were too intent on escape to check up our belongings. In final settlement, too, we were forced to pay an outrageous sum based on a daily rate of twenty-five dollars. The week had been a chronicle of insult, humiliation, robbery. It was a heart-breaking beginning in the country from which we had expected so much.

In those days two roubles were worth only one dollar. During the first few months, while my father was seeking work, our capital dwindled away sadly. Money due us from debtors still in Russia was never paid. Thus we were forced to begin at the bottom of the ladder along with other immigrants far better able than we to withstand deprivations and hardships. But never, even in the worst and most discouraging days, did my parents think of returning to Russia. Here, at least, we breathed freely. There was no tyrant to bar us from getting an education.

Plenty of immigrants had succeeded before us. We were determined not to flinch, even though every day of poverty was a bleak reminder of the ease and comfort we had willingly surrendered. It was not only a battle of the spirit, either. The nurses and tutors who brought me up tenderly would have been horrified to see me fighting, as I had to do almost daily, against other boys who questioned my rights. It was my first taste of shirt-sleeve democracy.

From an educational standpoint, however, my new home was rich in opportunities. Beginning in the kindergarten under a very friendly teacher, I learned to read quickly. My father had purchased a small grocery store with the idea, I think, that, owning this, he and his family would be safe from starvation. He barely earned our living, but we were all content. The Americanization process must always start with finding something to do.

Not far from my home was a social settlement, the Neighborhood Guild. It was there that I bought a precious library privilege for the regular fee of five cents a year. In Russia books had been very scarce and those in open circulation were rigorously censored. Under patient, very patient guidance of the librarian in charge, I progressed from nursery rhymes, fairy tales and Horatio Alger, Jr., to the great classics.

In the same building, too, various clubs were allowed to meet. I joined the Order Club, an organization for little boys between the ages of eight and ten. We had a constitution, by-laws and a complete set of officers. By outings, entertainments, debates, literary programs, concerts, parliamentary disputes, we learned the difficult art of working together for a common aim. Our directress, a pioneer social worker, was, next to my mother, the greatest influence for good it was my privilege to have. Americanism, as she explained it, became for me a sacred creed. All that is fine and noble in womanhood she illustrated to us. A motley group of little boys, much bewildered by the conditions of living in slum tenements, learned



The Neighborhood Guild in old Delancy Street, where the library was and where the Order Club met. This picture, taken in 1893, was lent to us by Mr. Charles Stover, who says that "little Elias may be in this very crowd"

not only to help themselves but to make social service their chief aim as long as they lived. My debt to her is so great that I become tongue-tied when I try to express it. But if this reaches her eyes she will understand. I shall not name her because she is the soul of modesty as well as goodness, and publicity would be sure to cause her unnecessary embarrassment.



Dr. Lieberman, who is principal of the Thomas Jefferson High School in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The man in the forties is almost through being secretary for the little immigrant boy not yet in his teens. But, speaking for the little boy, so grateful to his adopted country for all the benefits it has chosen to shower on his undeserving head, may not the secretary put in a plea for better understanding of the stranger within our gates?

We cannot teach him except through sympathy. His heart will open to us only if we meet him on the equal plane of our common humanity. He resents snobbishness, arrogance, condescension. Hatred and prejudice only harden his heart and make him difficult to live with. Bitterness, arising from hostile contacts, makes such a boy or man the disciple of any plausible radical who preaches doctrines of discontent and upheaval. Out of a very misty past, may not the little boy himself stretch out his arms and ask you all, even as Peter Pan did for Tinker Bell, whether you have faith? Have you faith in kindness, in good will, in the brotherhood of man?

If you say "Yes!" our country, our beloved country, will not only live, but live gloriously to realize the destiny envisioned by her founders.

German Boys on a School Hike

SCHOOL excursions are a regular feature in the lives of most European students old and young. They don't insist on luxurious motors or first class train accommodations and they don't mind long hikes and mountain climbs, either. A boys' school in Dresden sent a nice album to their correspondents in the North Side School of Rugby, North Dakota, in which they gave an account of two such excursions. The album started off with this letter:

"DEAR AMERICAN FRIENDS:

"We sent you a letter of acknowledgment to thank you for the album you sent us. Today our reply is finished at last. We would be much obliged if you sent us a letter of acknowledgment.

"May this our work help to make us forget that at one time our two states were enemies. We cordially shake hands with you.

"PUPILS OF THE 76TH VOLKSSCHULE, DRESDEN."

Another letter, which was illustrated with the pictures on the opposite page, says:

"We, first grade boys of the 76th National School, organized a four weeks' trip to the Alps. It meant saving our money for a year beforehand. Forty marks apiece were needed and as we wanted to leave no one behind, we all pooled our money. We earned M. 524.75 [the German mark is worth \$.238 in our money]. We did gardening, we organized theatricals, parents' evenings, picture book and magic-lantern lectures. We saved M. 1,348.27 so we had a total of M. 1,873.02.

"There were 32 of us boys and four adults as guides. On July 11, early in the morning, we left Dresden by train. After a thirteen hours' journey, we reached Munich. Here we visited the German Museum, which is splendid. From there we reached Tannheim in the Tyrol, our place of destination, after a four hours' walk. Tannheim in 1,090 meters above sea level and is a village of 800 inhabitants. It is entirely surrounded by high mountains. There we spent four weeks. During our stay we climbed fourteen mountains. That performance is equal to having climbed Mount Everest. For food each of us received per day $\frac{1}{2}$ liter of milk or cocoa, 1 pound of bread, hot lunch, $\frac{1}{8}$ pound of cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of butter. For a change we had chocolate, marmalade, figs and other things, so that really the board was not bad, and in spite of the strenuous mountain climbing 22 boys put on weight. The four weeks passed very quickly and it was soon time to go home. Again we could sleep in our feather beds.

For four weeks we had slept on straw and everybody was glad when we reached our town late in the night of August 9th."

TEN dollars apiece for that four weeks' excursion seems a kind of miracle of cheapness to us in the United States. One of the boys, telling in the same album about another excursion, explains how the German students can manage on so little:

"For a small sum we can buy third class train tickets for our excursions. On these excursions we do not go to hotels. It would be too expensive, but we take our food. We are only allowed to make these excursions under the supervision of a teacher. I will tell you about one of these excursions in the Switzerland of Saxony. We took the train at the main station in Dresden and we went as far as Pirna. In Pirna we left the train. We wanted to go up the Elbe in a paddle-boat. But as we were an hour too early, we went sightseeing in Pirna and saw the lovely old houses, the market square and the town hall. Then we went to the landing-stage. After a short time the boat came. It was already packed and our grade found seats with great difficulty. So we went up the river through beautifully rocky mountains. After two hours we reached Königstein. We landed on the left side. But the town where we were to put up for the night was on the right. So we crossed the Elbe in a row boat. The place where we were to spend the night was a factory once, but inside it does not look it. It bears the name: House of Nature's Friends. Nature's Friends are people who belong to a walking association. This association bought the factory to make a night shelter in order not to spend much money. So we received a cordial welcome. The keeper showed us into a large room. In it were many beds. We got there in time for coffee, then we went into the day-room. One can make a long stay in this shelter and food can be bought at very low prices.

"So you see how we travel cheaply."

THERE are in Germany many places like the one this boy describes. These "Youth Inns," as they are called, are fitted up specially so that school parties and other young excursionists may get cheap yet decent board and lodging. There was an article about them in the high school Junior magazine for April, 1928.



1. We call our classroom "the home of the birds"
2. On July 11, early in the morning, we left Dresden by train
3. The luggage wagon
4. Our hotel in Tannheim

5. Wash day in Tannheim!
6. We write our diary
7. Buying bread in the village
8. Snow in midsummer. During our stay we climbed 14 mountains

A Story for World Good Will Day



Almost every country in the world now belongs to the Universal Postal Union, which was organized to make easy the exchange of letters and other mail in spite of differences in stamps and money. This monument, put up by the Union in Berne, Switzerland, represents the ideal of international communication. The figures, which represent the five divisions of the earth—a Caucasian for Europe, an Indian for America, a Negro for Africa, a Japanese for Asia and a Kanaka for Oceania—are passing a packet of letters from hand to hand

DOWN in the heart of Paraguay there is a little bit of land that belongs to Uruguay.

And on that bit of land, near the shade of a great old spreading tree, there is a school which also belongs to Uruguay. All the teachers are Uruguayans and the school is part of the regular school system of their country. But the pupils are all Paraguayans from the neighborhood. Every day they sing a special song that says that they have two countries and ends with the names of both Uruguay and Paraguay. Imagine how it would be if there were such a school on land belonging to Canada, down in Kansas. That might be, but back of such a

school there could not possibly be a story like the one that belongs to this school in South America.

The school is only four years old but the story goes back to the time of our Civil War. Then Paraguay was carrying on one of the most desperate fights of history. Provoked by the rash act of her dictator, Francia, Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina had combined against her and invaded her territory. For five years the battle raged. Every man or boy who could bear arms had to go into the forces of Francia. Whole regiments were made up of boys between twelve and fifteen years of age. When the beasts of burden were killed off the women took their places in transporting ammunition and supplies. At the end of the strife, the population had been cut down from more than a million to less than 300,000 and there were only about 28,000 men left.

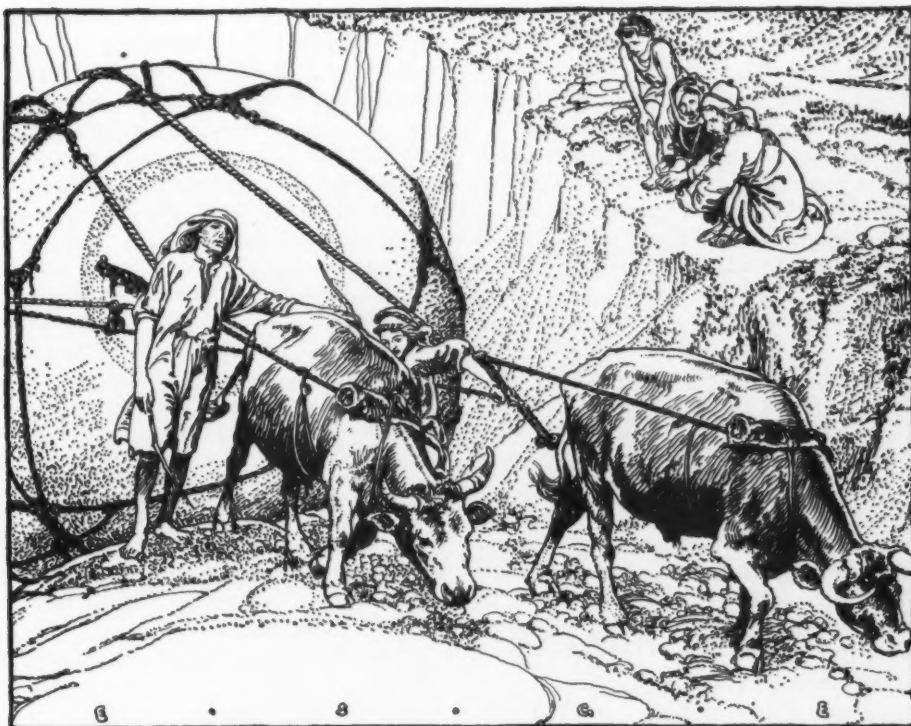
When the worst of the bitterness that always poisons the minds of the belligerents during and after any war, had died away, the people of Uruguay recognized how heroically the Paraguayans had fought. And to show their appreciation of a gallant enemy, they gathered up all the battle flags and other trophies they had won and sent them back to Paraguay.

Then Paraguay thought of a fine way to show how she valued this gift. It happened that away back in 1814, when José Artigas had lost his power as dictator in Uruguay, he had fled to Paraguay and had been befriended by Francia. When the terrible war came on he was too old to fight and he continued to live in Paraguay, doing much good to the people around him. So in return for their trophies, the Paraguayans gave the spot where Artigas had lived to Uruguay and near the great

tree under which he spent much time as an old man they built the school where today friendship for their neighbor country is being taught to Paraguayan children whose great-grandfathers were fighting Uruguayans to the death sixty years ago!



In 1921, one hundred years after the Treaty of Ghent, this gateway was opened at Blaine, Washington. It covers the Pacific Highway, which goes from Vancouver, B. C., to Tia Juana, Mexico, at the Canadian border. On one door is engraved "Open for 100 Years"; on the other "May These Doors Never Be Closed." It is the first arch in the world to celebrate a period of peace instead of military victories



After two days Ethbaal's men dug out the huge bronze basin and two oxen pulled it right side up

A Phoenician Boy

III. Metten Goes to Jerusalem and Sees Solomon's Temple Building

HELENA CARUS

Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott

SOME days after Metten's return from his great voyage to Britain, Captain Ethbaal was summoned to the presence of Hiram, King of Tyre. When he returned he said to his son:

"You are to travel with me again, boy, and learn that the world is not all islands and seas."

Then turning to his wife, Ethbaal explained: "King Hiram has bidden me go on a mission to Jerusalem. I am to take the tin we brought from Britain to his friend, King Solomon, who wants it in making a great basin for the wonderful temple he is putting up to the God of the Israelites. We are to go overland and King Hiram has supplied a hundred asses for the pack-train, but my own seamen will go along as guards."

Going over to the mainland early next morning, Ethbaal superintended the loading of the bricks of tin into the saddle-bags of the pack-train. Then, followed by the prayers of the family and the slaves for a safe journey, the party set forth. With them went Tubal, a noted bronze founder,

who had been sent by Hiram to cast the great basin for Solomon's temple. The copper he needed to make

the bronze had been brought by Phoenician sailors from Cyprus and sent on ahead.

After crossing the narrow shore plain, the road turned into a forest and zigzagged upward toward the snow of the Lebanon ridge. Pointing to the crest, Ethbaal said to Metten:

"Lebanon is the protecting wall for our Phoenician cities. Babylon, Nineveh and Egypt send armies back and forth behind these mountains, but rough hills are difficult to climb and military roads over them are costly to build. So those men are not likely to attack us by land and as for coming at us by sea—well, we are far the better sailors."

Next day, when the party halted for lunch at the stone quarries of Tyre, Metten went with his father to see a newly-cut stone made ready with guiding ropes for its slide down a runway cut in the rock to the sea. In the afternoon they traveled

a path among tall cypresses, oaks, pines and the famous great Lebanon cedars. They saw woodsmen felling trees that had been marked by the King's officers. The logs, too, were sent down runways to the sea plain.

At the timberline the path entered a cleft which saved the many passing pack-trains the climb to the summit. But the three Tyrians went on up so that Metten might see the snow, which he had known only as it was sold out of covered tubs in the market of Tyre.

"What fun!" he shouted, running and tumbling.

His father smiled at first, then persuaded Metten to put on his warm cloak, saying:

"Do not forget that our Lebanon carries winter on her head, autumn on her breast, spring in her lap and summer at her feet!"

The three travelers stood a long time on the ridge. First they looked at Tyre, lying close in the Mediterranean, then toward Israel. Below the wooded hill country the plains began. Ethbaal pointed out a silver thread, cutting the brown fields.

"That is the Jordan, a river of sweet water," he said. "How much more fortunate is a town built beside such water than Tyre which must bring its precious water in casks from the mainland. Even when our cisterns are full, the water does not last all summer."

"At Aradus," Tubal told them, "divers found a fountain of fresh water bubbling up through the salt sea. After many other plans had failed, the Aradusians covered the spring with a huge bell of lead and brought sweet water to the surface through a leathern pipe. Slaves in an anchored barge ceaselessly fill casks which other barges carry to the town."

"Southeast of Jerusalem," he went on, "they say there is a lake of water so salt and bitter that nothing lives or grows anywhere near it. The Israelites call it the Dead Sea and say that under it lie two wicked cities destroyed by their god, Jahweh."

"They prophesy that Tyre, too, will be destroyed some day. They think us too rich and powerful," laughed Ethbaal as he turned back toward the pack-train.

After a long march, the train came down into the pasture country. Sometimes the men tried to talk to shepherds standing high above the road with their brown sheep. But, though the two languages, Phoenician and Hebrew, were much alike, they did not understand each other well, for the shepherds had a rough dialect of their own.

Now the overnight camp was always near a village. The low stone houses seemed strange to

Tyrians used to narrow houses built several stories high because their island city grew ever more crowded. As the train drew near Jerusalem, there were hills on each side, terraced for vines or olives.

At last they paused at the gates of Solomon's city. The drovers and seamen camped outside to guard the tin while Ethbaal, Tubal and Metten sought out an inn in the city and slept a long sleep in beds again at last.

Next day Tubal found a sandy quarry outside Jerusalem where he could dig the careful shape of his great mould. He said: "The copper furnace must be built here above the mould. Your men must help me, Ethbaal; and Hiram, the temple-builder, must lend me a bricklayer."

Tubal directed the bricklayer to line with brick a small stockade of green planks. The bottom of the furnace was to be basin-shaped, with the opening for the bellows just above. From it was a sluice stopped with a stone trap. This led down to a mixing-vat, where the molten copper would be blended with the tin. Below the vat was the mould for the basin.

"I must dig the mould of the basin's lip deep," said Tubal, "and leave an oval mound in the center to form the bowl."

"Will the basin be cast upside down?" asked Ethbaal.

"Yes," answered Tubal. "Any other way would be quite impossible."

As Ethbaal wished to present Metten to his old friend Hiram, the temple-builder, they walked into the city. They found Hiram ordering the bracing of the wooden beams from which ropes on pulleys were to guide into its place one of the last foundation stones.

Introducing his son, Ethbaal said:

"Metten has begun his travels. He made the Atlantic voyage with me last year."

Hiram laid his hand on Metten's head and looked into his eyes.

"When we were boys," he said, "your father and I were together on our first voyage. But I was always more interested in stones than in ropes."

"You seem to find ropes rather useful," laughed Ethbaal, pointing to Hiram's pulleys.

"I have used the living rock under our feet for part of the foundation," Hiram said. "All the quarried stones must be so exact that not even a knife can be pushed between them after they are placed. King Hiram sent me to Jerusalem because I had an Israelitish mother and could understand the Jews. But workmen he will scarcely lend me, for he is using the best on his own great buildings. Even Tubal, the King writes, must hurry home to Tyre. Bring him, and come

to my house tomorrow night for dinner."

Father and son walked through the rough cobbled street to the Bethany Gate where their asses waited. They looked at the small closed houses and wondered about the people who lived in them.

"Surely the women of Israel must spin and weave all day in their dark houses," said Metten. "How else could they send so much wool to Tyre and Sidon?"

"On the other hand," commented Ethbaal, "the men seem to be always in the noisy market-place or walking and talking at the city gates, as you see. No wonder they make so few things for trade."

When Ethbaal and Metten reached the plain of Jordan again, Tubal had his copper in the furnace. Two men were blowing the bellows. Tubal called his friends up to where he stood on a platform above the furnace with a long green sapling in his hand.

"See how the bricks of copper are piled with burning charcoal in the furnace," said he. "I will jerk away the trap of the sluice when the liquid metal drops."

They waited long, watching the open smelter. At last Tubal gave a shout. Metten saw the copper bricks grow soft. Tubal thrust his sapling into the smoking mass and stirred with all his might. He shouted: "The molten copper has dropped to the bottom of the furnace. The charcoal is rising." Grasping the sluice-chain, he pulled out the stone trap. The smoking copper flowed into the brick vat below the furnace.

"Now throw in the tin I have weighed out," Tubal cried to his men. "Four parts of copper to one part of tin for good bronze."

The tin bricks melted into the smoking copper, and Tubal stirred mightily. Then he opened the sluice between the vat and the low mould, and the bronze poured in. Tubal shouted to the metal to run smoothly, as if he could make it obey him.

At last when the mould was full, Tubal sat down upon the platform, too tired to descend the ladder, but well satisfied with his men's work.

In the evening of this exciting day, bathed and perfumed after the ancient fashion, the three walked through the starlit streets to the house lent Hiram by King Solomon.



Sometimes they tried to talk to shepherds standing high above the road with their brown sheep

The feast was spread on a low table in the room of pillars. There was a kid roasted whole with olives, then melon, honey-cakes, and wine in silver cups. They sat on long cushions on the floor and talked. These men had known each other as boys. They had sailed long voyages together. They had seen Tyre grow, and had helped in most of Hiram's building. Metten listened as long as he could keep his eyes open, but it had been a full day and at last he fell asleep with his head against his father's knee.

After two days, Ethbaal's men dug out the huge bronze basin. Two oxen pulled it right side up. Tubal passed his hand along the lip and into the bowl.

"It is almost perfect," he said with pride.

Early next day, Hiram came to bid his friends farewell, bringing letters for Tyre.

"Beg King Hiram to hurry the cedars to me,"

(Continued on page 174)

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*Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie coily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you!
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"*

—FROM "BABY SEED SONG," BY EDITH NESBIT.

THE SPIRIT OF MEMORIAL DAY SPEAKS

THE NIGHT was cool and the air was clear.

Stars studded the dark sky and twinkled like diamonds. The east was beginning to grow light where the moon was coming up. I sat down on the bench beneath the fir trees and listened to the wind. It sounded like a soft voice whispering, and I closed my eyes. Today, Memorial Day, the heroes in blue and gray had been honored. The scene at the cemetery had been very impressive. I opened my eyes to see if the moon was up, and there in front of me stood a tall woman in long, white garments. Around her head was a wreath, which sparkled like precious stones. I gazed in silence. Was I dreaming? She spoke and her voice was like the wind in the trees:

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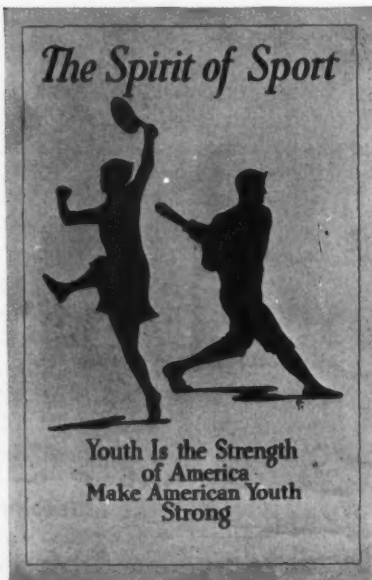
"I am the Spirit of Memorial Day. Each year I come, and view with sympathy and love the veterans in blue and gray. I have just come from the South, where I saw an old veteran place a wreath on the grave of his comrade. The tears, of which he was not ashamed, rolled down his cheeks as he saluted his comrade. His comrade had been killed by a Northern soldier, yet I saw that veteran shake hands with an old Northern soldier in a faded blue suit. The Northerner also placed a wreath on the Southerner's grave. These are brave men, ready to forgive and forget. They help keep Peace. You, too, can help keep Peace by forgiving and forgetting."

The words ceased and there was only the murmur of the wind. The dream (or was it a dream?) had passed. The Spirit of Memorial Day had spoken.

—VIRGINIA WYCKOFF,
Age 15, 9-B Grade, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

WHEN Evangeline came to southern Louisiana with the Acadians she wore clothes like those of the girl on the cover, and ate "kush-kush," or cornmeal, from a yellow bowl. She spoke French, too, just as the people of Martinsville, who are the descendants of the Acadians, still do. They came from Nova Scotia to Louisiana, then a French colony, when Acadia (now Nova Scotia) was conquered by the English. There were two parties. One followed the St. Lawrence River, crossed Wisconsin and went down the Mississippi. The other kept to the Atlantic shore as far as Maryland, then they struck overland to the Cumberland River and so reached the Mississippi. Both parties came together at last in southern Louisiana. In 1803 Louisiana was purchased from France by the United States and the Acadians became American citizens. The girl on the cover is a descendant of one of those travelers from Nova Scotia.



Poster of the American
Child Health Association

MAY FIRST Juniors by thousands will take part in Play Days under the leadership of the American Child Health Association. Sport for everybody and playing the game for the fun of it, whether you win or lose, are the ideals of these Play Days.

Dandelion Wings

HARRIETT PERVIER

Illustration by Marie Lawson

JUST BEFORE dawn Chatterer, the red squirrel, awoke and went to the door of his home in the old oak tree. It was cooler outside, so he curled up on the branch before his door and went to sleep.

Dra, one of the fairies of the plain, had been busy all that night. First she had danced and frolicked with the other fairies in the moonlight. Then, seeing a big pale green Luna moth flying slowly past, she had followed only to lose him at last among the shadows under the great pine trees.

It was now near daylight and she was hastening home. Fairies have a law that none of the little people may show themselves by day.

Feeling tired, Dra thought she would rest for a little. She folded her wings and dropped down on what looked like a knot on the oak limb.

The instant she touched it the knot became alive. Two black paws armed with sharp claws flew out and roughly knocked her aside. Dra had alighted on Chatterer's back and before he was really awake he struck. As Dra dropped Chatterer poked his head over the side of the bough, looking to see what he had hit. It seemed to be a moth or butterfly, so he hurried to catch it.

All the time he was racing down the tree trunk he scolded shrilly at being disturbed so early in the morning.

Surprised at the sudden attack, Dra fell to the ground. She tried to rise and unfold her wings but failed. The left wing was broken and torn.

Chatterer was very near. Dra was frightened by the sharpness of his cries. What could she do?

Looking about, Dra saw a piece of bark hanging from the tree. She crept under it.

In a trice Chatterer was on the ground. He tore the bark from its fastening with a quick

sweep of his paws. Dra was thrown into the grass.

At first Chatterer did not see her but when she moved a flash of red fur leaped straight at her.

The frightened fairy whirled to one side and the squirrel missed her. Then followed a hunt such as a kitten makes when it loses a mouse. Chatterer would sit and listen, his head on one side, looking about with black, twinkling eyes. If he thought he saw a movement or heard the grass stir he would pounce at it, scolding loudly.

It was growing more light every moment and Dra wanted to go home. If she could only get away from that squirrel she might straighten her wing and reach there before day. Chatterer gave her no rest.

Once she climbed a tiny hemlock. Chatterer, in fury, rushed at it. His weight pushed it far



At last Dra was close under the Dandelion; and very slowly the Dandelion let her leaves droop until Dra was covered

over. Dra fell to the ground and lay still. The hemlock had crushed a large dandelion leaf so that it covered her.

Chatterer sat up on his haunches watching. Nothing moved. He dropped on all four feet and whisked about, looking the other way. As he turned Dra drew herself along under the leaf toward the dandelion root.

Again and again Chatterer sat up to listen. Then Dra kept very still, but when he moved, little by little she drew nearer the plant.

At last she was very close under the Dandelion. Very slowly the Dandelion let her leaves droop until Dra was covered.

Not being able to find her, Chatterer soon tired of what had become, to him, a dull game and left.

"Come close to me and sleep," the Dandelion whispered. "Nothing will harm you."

Dra was very glad to sleep. In the evening, rested and with restored wing, she crept from the shelter of the big plant.

"I wish," she said, "I could do something to repay you."

"Don't know a thing you can do, little lady," chuckled the Dandelion.

"Don't you want anything?"

"There's one thing that would make me more comfortable."

"What?" demanded Dra.

"I'd like to move some of my children. They are too close."

"Move them? I don't understand."

"Whenever I shake my seeds free they settle right down at my feet and begin to grow. That crowds each one so none of us can become as large as we should."

"How can I help?"

"I don't know unless you lend me your wings."

"Lend you my wings? I have only one pair, but you have a great many seeds."

"I guess there is no help for me," replied the Dandelion.

Going home Dra kept thinking of what the Dandelion had said. She could not give wings to so many seeds but she knew where to find help.

The king listened while Dra told about the Dandelion saving her, also about the seeds that crowded their mother.

"Dandelion deserves to be rewarded for her act," the king said. "So I shall order the Ancients to make wings for all her seeds."

"Make them," Dra begged, "soft and downy like the feathers of a moth."

The king laughed at that. Nevertheless he ordered the Ancients, who are wise old fairies, to make soft and downy wings for all Dandelion's seeds. And to this day these carry the seeds far away so that their mother may not be crowded.

A Phoenician Boy

(Continued from page 171)

he said at parting. "The stones of the temple are laid. Many pillars are ready. The weavers have fringed the curtains. But only half enough cedars have come. I want to be finished here and share the next midwinter feast with my family in Tyre."

Ethbaal opened his arms wide and bowed low.

"Hiram, mighty builder," he said, "your temple will stand a thousand years and be remembered for ten thousand. Those stones in the foundation will remain till time has ended. People will then wonder at them more than all Israel does now. Hiram's gold will be stolen. Israel's weaving will perish. Our Hiram's work in hewn stone will be a monument forever!"

"Farewell," they all said, and the little troop trotted away towards Tyre. At noon, the day they began to climb Lebanon, Tubal told them the Tale of Daedalus who made wings for himself and his son Icarus to fly from Crete to their home in Greece. Icarus flew high and the wax in his wings was melted by the sun so that he fell. But

Daedalus flew low along the cool sea and reached the shore safely.

"How wonderful!" cried Metten. "Perhaps we ourselves may some day fly over these mountains. We shall be like eagles! How I should like to see that day!"

Climbing hard, at last they saw from Lebanon their island city in the sunlit sea. When they reached the shore they found a barge of King Hiram's just casting off with a load of vegetables. They were welcomed on board and soon crossed to Tyre. Here Tubal said: "Farewell! I will come to see you soon!" and went on to his home in the newly filled land on the eastern side of the island where the craftsmen all lived. The freemen sailors marched to Ethbaal's bireme, lying in the north port. Metten and his father hurried home to their tall narrow house. They completely surprised Amma and Ilissa, who ran to embrace them with delight. In no time the doorman had been sent to market and the bondswomen were bringing wine and cakes. The family climbed to the roof, where through the pleasant evening, father and son recounted their adventures in Israel.

You Help in Latvia's Hard Time

FOR MANY months the little land of Latvia has been struggling through a very hard time, indeed. Continual rains last spring and summer caused serious floods over seven of the twenty districts into which the country is divided. Some of the fields went under water before they could be sown; in others the seed already sown rotted in the wet. Pas-



Continual rains last spring and summer caused serious floods in Latvia. In some districts water still lay on the fields when winter came on



In the Lubana District it was necessary for the children to go to and from school by boat

ture lands were inundated and fodder crops were destroyed. Many cattle died and quantities of livestock were slaughtered or sold at ridiculously low prices because there was not enough fodder to carry them through the winter. Crops of grain and potatoes failed. In some districts water still lay on the fields when the cold came down on the country. Living costs rose.

Of course, the Latvian Red Cross immediately organized relief. First Aid stations were opened early in the flood time and no lives were lost through drowning. The Latvian Red Cross, the government, the League of Red Cross Societies, the British Save the Children Fund and other agencies all cooperated with the Relief Commission formed by the Latvian Red Cross. The government granted money not only for the relief of people but for buying seed, fodder and fertilizers. Famine was the enemy which had to be fought.

In October it was estimated that 3,000 school children would need help throughout the winter at a cost of twelve cents a day for food and \$6 for the season for clothes. Hot lunches were provided in schools where the need was greatest and three meals a day were given to the poorest students.

The Latvian Junior Red Cross supplied 1,300 yards of material and more than two tons of food-

stuffs for children in the flooded area. It also granted \$1,000 from funds on hand and contributed \$3,000 more from street collections. Think of what a lot of money that is to come from the school children of a small and poor country! Junior groups all over Latvia got up entertainments to raise funds, contrib-

uted and made clothing and packed boxes of gifts for Christmas and Easter for the children who were suffering from the disaster.

We are glad to say that because Juniors in America had not forgotten those contributions to the National Children's Fund, made up from their own sacrifices and efforts, there was money in the Fund that could be sent across to the brave little country by the Baltic Sea. It was thus your privilege to have a small share in the work of your Latvian Junior comrades in the fine things they were doing. A check was sent and this letter was received from the head of the Junior Red Cross of Latvia:

"We thank you very much for your kind letter of January 15, 1929, and the cheque for \$500.00 from the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross.

"This generous donation will be a great help to our suffering children who are now in a worse condition than ever. Many of the children were adopted by people who are better off, but the greater part have still to suffer famine and cold.

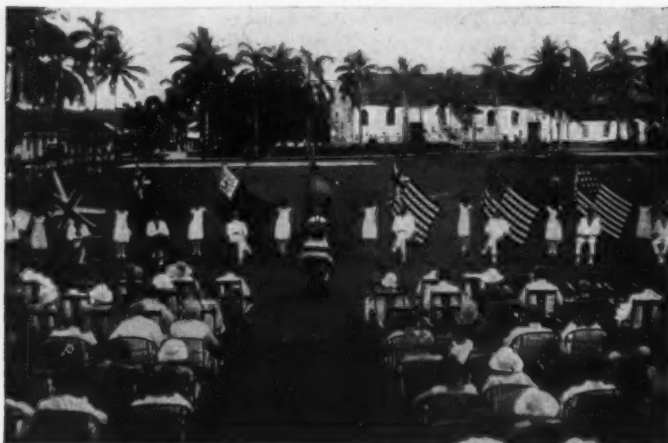
"Let us thank you once more in the name of all the little unhappy beings and ask you kindly to give their love to their generous little friends in America."

A Spring Rally in Virginia

IT WAS cold and snowy on March 9 in Frederick County, Virginia, but that didn't prevent the Juniors of the county schools from arriving on time for their second annual rally at a Winchester movie theatre. By ten o'clock, though some had had to come thirty miles, there were 38 delegates on the stage and 850 members in the auditorium. Their really remarkable exhibits were on long tables in the lobby and their posters on the side walls.

The president opened the meeting and the secretary called the roll for Junior reports from the different schools. After the reports came the presentation of a set of 45 flags, representing all the countries taking part in Junior Red Cross international correspondence. It took a year to make all the flags, one or two in a school, in the geography, history, art, domestic science and manual training classes. Now they were turned over to a member of the national staff of the Junior Red Cross who had come from Washington to receive them for the permanent exhibit at National Headquarters.

The last feature was a pageant called "The Pledge." Fourteen girls with red letters on their white dresses formed the words "Junior Red Cross" at the back of the stage. Next a girl told in rhyme what the Red Cross stands for. Then two banner bearers, one carrying the American flag and the other the Red Cross flag, escorted in a teacher, representing the Spirit of the Red



In Agana, Guam, Junior Red Cross members took part in the Flag Day exercises held on the green, palm-lined plaza before the governor's palace

Cross, who read from a long scroll the history of the Red Cross and the Junior Red Cross. As she read, Florence Nightingale, Henri Dunant and Clara Barton were each escorted in by the banner bearers. When Dunant came in, in his black robe, cap and long gray whiskers, a boy with a big Swiss flag stood behind him, and the story explained how the Red Cross got its emblem.

The next episodes showed Junior Red Cross activities for children's hospitals and homes for the aged, the adoption of a Veterans' Hospital and international school correspondence.

For the final scene Juniors representing various countries came up on one side of a large cardboard hemisphere and extended their gifts across the sea to American Juniors on the other side. Be-

hind the hemisphere the Spirit of the Red Cross stretched out her arms to both groups. The Red Cross and American flags were displayed in the background and farther back still stood the fourteen Juniors with their letters. Last of all the very youngest Juniors from the primary rooms, carrying the flags of the Junior Red Cross countries, circled about the stage and formed behind the hemisphere group. Then all sang their county Junior Red Cross song.



Juniors of the Brook Avenue School, dressed in red crepe paper costumes, marched in Red Cross formation in the Waco, Texas, Cotton Palace parade. They were led by one boy with a Red Cross flag, another with an American flag and a girl carrying a placard which told that they were Juniors



The Whittier School of Muncie, Ind., has organized a Safety Patrol under its Junior Red Cross. The four teams, of ten members each, patrol six corners. Each team has a captain and first and second lieutenants



Girls in 44 Newark, N. J., schools donated 500 dolls to give to little girls living in local institutions on Philanthropic Day of Girls' Week last year. Several girls presented the dolls at each institution

News of Juniors Near and Far

JUNIORS of many of the European countries collect funds for summer camps for delicate children. The Estonian summer colony for 1928 was at Narva on the beautiful Toila-Oru seashore, with 25 children from Tallinn. An Estonian report tells some of their experiences:

"Last summer the Junior Red Cross rented two houses in a nice little park. Unfortunately, the weather was rather cold and rainy, but in spite of that the children gathered strength for the coming winter. Nice weather was eagerly used. When the sun came for a little time out of the clouds the whole colony went out to take sun-baths and many a child who in spring was weak and delicate has not lost even this winter the healthy complexion produced by the burning sun. The water in the sea was cold during the whole summer and the physician had forbidden cold baths. Therefore, they took long walks in the beautiful country, had gymnastics and played very interesting games out of doors. For bad days they had indoor games, drawing with colored pencils and nice books to read. Nearly all the children increased in weight 14 pounds or more and some who came to the colony with fever temperatures went home in good health and full of joy."

JUST before the summer holidays the Juniors of the II Standard of the Skvorec Elementary School sent to the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross headquarters a parcel of feathers. Their letter explained:

"Our teacher read to us from one of the issues of *Lipa* that you need feathers for the children's fresh air camps. We promised to ask our mothers about it. The next day we all gazed with surprise at Bohous P., who brought a whole cushion. Our teacher praised him for his energy, and Jarda S., not to be outdone, came along in a day or two with one on his own account. Then Olga S. and Frank N. brought small pillows. Our little F. also wanted to contribute and brought along a few feathers in a sack. We waited a little longer for Frank K., who promised to bring some feathers as soon as they plucked their geese. Today he came with them. They are not trimmed, but we hope you can make use of them. We have given what we could. We hope that the children in the fresh air camps will sleep soundly on our feathers."

TWO BOYS from the Albanian Vocational School are now studying in the United States. Ahmed Celo, the first from the School ever to cross the Atlantic, came last fall to study veteri-

nary science at the Agricultural School in Morrisville, New York. He graduated from A. V. S. in 1928. Zef Qer-raxhia has come this spring to study at the Wentworth Institute in Boston. He is proud of having entered the School at its beginning and having graduated with its first class, in 1926. We hear that Juniors in the cities nearest these boys are planning to entertain them in some way.



The Freeman School of Marlboro, Mass., gave a circus to raise funds to buy a school radio so that they might enjoy the Walter Damrosch school concerts



A few of the Yugoslavian bookmarks and a picture from one of the albums showing Juniors on the Croatian coast dressed in their national costumes for an entertainment



IN 1921-1922 the National Children's Fund helped the Yugoslavian Junior Red Cross to organize. Not long ago, to show that the Juniors of the nation have not forgotten, there came from the Zagreb district of Yugoslavia hundreds upon hundreds of little red paper hearts on red, white and blue ribbons and a big decorated gingerbread heart in a glass-topped case. Though they came just in time for our Valentine's Day, they were not really valentines at all, as the Juniors explained in their letter:

"DEAR FRIENDS AND COMRADES:

"... We send a bookmark for each of you, two hearts on our national tri-color.

"... It is a custom with us that on the occasion of each holiday and church festival there is held before the church a sort of fair. Among many other salesmen there always come gingerbread bakers who are selling under tents beautifully colored cakes with our national ornaments. Young and old gather around these tents. Parents give to their children, brothers to sisters, relatives and acquaintances to each other these cakes made in the form of a heart. They are given as a token of love and symbolize: 'Love for love—heart for heart.' We have drawn such hearts on paper and have had them printed and pasted on our national tri-color, and are sending them to our American comrades in return for their love—heart for heart.

"We are sending you also in a case a real heart of ginger-

bread so that you may see such a cake as it looks in reality. . . . We have also prepared albums with many pictures of our national costumes, customs, historical pictures of cities and beautiful regions, which can tell you about the beauty of our native country, while our hearts of paper may send you thousands and thousands of warm, hearty and cordial greetings full of love, as on each of them there is engraved from our lips a warm, friendly kiss.

"JUNIORS OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS IN ZAGREB."

The bookmarks have gone to Juniors in all parts of the United States. The big cake in its case, with the albums and some other exhibits, has gone to Winchester, Virginia, and Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where the Juniors are preparing special "thank you's" to the Zagreb members.

IN A little paper published by the Third Grade Juniors of Concord, North Carolina, the children of several grades and schools told some of the things they had been doing for others. Here is one of them:

"We made a pretty May basket. We put roses, lilies and lilacs in it. We sent the basket to two little sick boys at the Hospital. One little boy has a broken leg. One little boy got burned when he was making a fire for his mother. Miss K— told us the boys were happy and clapped their hands.

"FRANCES GIBSON,
"3-A Central Primary."

FOR Hospital Day (May 12) last year the Junior Red Cross of Livermore, California, sent corsage bouquets to the nurses at the local U. S. Veterans' Hospital. The Red Cross Director at the hospital wrote how the flowers were presented:

"We arranged these charming bouquets on the tables at lunch time, where the rest of us enjoyed looking at them until the nurses came in—well, if you could have heard their exclamations of pleasure when they saw them and learned they were made for them, you would understand what it meant to be remembered in this way. They were simply delighted and asked that we express to you and the other members of the Junior Red Cross their most sincere thanks."

THE Fourth of July favors which the Shaw Junior High pupils of Philadelphia made for ex-service men in U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 49

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last spring were dashing lollypop lady dolls, in red, white and blue crepe paper costumes, made over spools.

LAST summer a Seventh Grade girl of the Buchanan School in Washington was drowned in the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, though several boys tried to save her. The principal and students felt so badly about this that they asked Mr. Longfellow, Assistant National Director of the Red Cross water safety work, to give them a lecture on First Aid and Life Saving. The lecture was given in a movie theatre and 300 Seventh and Eighth Grade children from all the neighborhood schools attended. Plans were begun to have all boys of the Safety Patrols in that neighborhood take lessons in swimming and life saving.

LAST year the Seventh Grade of the Utica Country Day School at New Hartford, New York, undertook a peace study. As part of this they wrote letters to a number of people who were known to be interested in peace. They received more than 23 replies. One was from Theodore Roosevelt, another from Chief Justice Taft, another from Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and others from W. L. Mackenzie King of Canada, Lord Cecil of England and the Dean of Westminster. Then the class got ready for the exhibit of the Progressive Education Association:

- Vol. I. A Peace Book of advice from those who know.
- Vol. II. A Peace Scrapbook with all kinds of interesting material from newspapers and magazines.
- Vol. III. Our Own Peace Book of Grade Seven Contributions.
- Vol. IV. A Peace Book of organized agencies for peace.

To go with these books the children made a large map of the world cut from heavy white paper mounted on blue beaverboard. At the top they mounted three silhouette figures with captions below. The middle one was Lindbergh, "the world's hero of the air and our good will ambassador"; on one side of him was Lincoln, with the quotation "with malice toward none, with charity for all." On the other side was Washington, with the quotation, "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all." Across the entire lower section they printed in four-inch letters: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Last of all, on the white map,



Last fall the children of Mounds School, in Louisiana, organized an "Army" and a "Red Cross" to care for those who fell in battle. Later in the year, when the school enrolled in Junior Red Cross, their original "Red Cross" was the foundation

they stood tiny flags of all the nations, each on its own territory.

AT THE Bates Junior High School graduation in Middleboro, Massachusetts, last June "That Blooming Boy" from the February, 1928, News was presented. This was especially appropriate because Deborah Sampson, the heroine of the play, was a native of Middleboro.

THE twenty Juniors of the Donnelly School at Tyndall, South Dakota, are planning to make a portfolio during the summer, using native grain, leaves and flowers. Each of them is to save or earn money to buy the materials they will need.

IN THE April NEWS we told how the Kikuyu boys in a school in Kenya Colony, East Africa, received a box from the Eskimo Juniors at Sevoonga, on St. Lawrence Island, Alaska. These boys have already sent to Washington things they made to go back to Sevoonga. They hurried with the gifts so as to get them on the first boat

going up this summer after the ice breaks. These are the boys whose letters were printed in the March NEWS.



Juniors of the Zuni Christian Reform Mission School in New Mexico prepared a fine traveling exhibit of Zuni materials to send to a chain of 15 schools in Iowa and Minnesota

CLASS R-21 of Public School No. 15, New York City, saved enough last spring to send one of their classmates for a two weeks' summer vacation at the Boys' Club Camp. The amount they sent included a little for his mother to buy the things he needed for the trip.

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